

Dean Friedman

"Song for My Mother"

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In the hollow of your arms
Snuggled up safe and warm
You used to tell me tales of unicorns and kings
But how could I comprehend
All the things you told me then
Of your madness and your struggling
My mind would swim in fantasies
Like a piece of driftwood on the sea
I had no touchstone for reality
You were my reality
Like a dark and unlit room
Or the far side of the moon
Your insanity spoke emptiness and fear
No matter how I tried
How I questioned and I pried
I just could not penetrate that thin veneer
And I know you tried to comfort me
To soothe and reassure me
But then your strength would always fail

And in it's place a silken veil
Like a dried and wrinkled prune
A deflated toy balloon
I came home and found you strewn across the floor
And as they lay you on your bed
I heard you say "If I am dead,
How come it just keeps on hurtin' more and more"
And you left me in the early spring
All they said was "Mommy's resting"
And how was I to know so young
It wasn't something I had done
So please try and understand
I will love you as I can
I do not blame you, you're not guilty
But still theres no way to describe
The relief I finally found
Upon learning it was you
And not me
That was crazy

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